ANYTHING GOES!

This issue:

MARTY LYLES & HOWARD CRUSE

MIKE KAZALEH

MARV WOLFMAN & GARY KWAPISZ

DANIEL CLOWES

MARK WHEATLEY

PAT BOYETTE

. . . and a new Cerebus vignette by

DAVE SIM!

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Recommended for mature readers

ANYTHING GOES!

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"CEREBUS: BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO" 1
by **Dave Sim**
colored by **Tom Luth**
typesetting by **FBI**

"LAST BLOOD" 4
written by **Marv Wolfman**
drawn & colored by **Gary Kwapisz**
lettered by **Gary Fields**

"PURCHASER'S CLEARING HOUSE" 10
lyrics by **Marty Lyles**
art by **Howard Cruse**
colored by **George Kochell**

"LAUNDROMAT AT THE END OF EVERYTHING" 17
by **Mike Kazaleh**
and **Mark Schirmeister**

"LLOYD LLEWELLYN: FOR LOSERS ONLY" 24
by **Daniel Clowes**

"ULTIMATE POTENTIAL" 26
by **Mark Wheatley**

"A PREDICTION" 30
by **Pat Boyette**

COVER by **Neal Adams**
colored by **Cory Adams**

EDITORIAL

Justice doesn't come cheap in these United States (and most of the time it probably doesn't come at all), but if it did come cheap, you wouldn't be reading *Anything Goes!*. This comic is published by *The Comics Journal*, the revenue from which is going, not to the creators, who certainly deserve it, but to paying the *Journal's* legal defense in its six-year litigation initiated by the comic book writer Michael Fleisher. Thanks, once again, are in order, to readers for buying the comic and helping to support the *Journal's* continued journalistic efforts, and to the creators for making the book possible. A few comments and thank-yous:

Neal Adams would like it known that he's not taking sides in the litigation between the *Journal* and Fleisher, and that he drew our Cerebus cover (with the much-appreciated permission of Dave Sim) in the interest of helping the *Journal* see the lawsuit through. Special thanks to Cory Adams for a stunning color job.

And, speaking of comics' premier wiseguy, many thanks to Dave Sim for coming through with his contribution. (In fact, I haven't forgotten that Dave was one of the first people to *buy* an "I Support The Comics Journal And The First Amendment" t-shirt five or six years ago when the lawsuit first broke. Even though he's never done us the honor of parodying the *Journal* in *Cerebus*, the crazy bastard must like it. Birds of a feather, I guess.)

Howard Cruse has been a serious practitioner in the comics medium for years: he's the subject of a feature-length interview in *Comics Journal* #111, which should be available at the nation's best comics shops at about the same time as this issue of *Anything Goes!*. Pick it up and read an interivew with one of the most serious, thoughtful, and articulate artists in comics.

Fantagraphics Books, the *Journal's* sister publishing company, is proud to publish Mike Kazaleh, Daniel Clowes, and Mark Wheatley. Mike writes and draws *The Adventures of Captain Jack*, the sixth issue of which should be out by the time you read this; Dan writes and draws *Lloyd Llewellyn*, a stylish parody of various areas of pop culture; and Mark Wheatley, in addition to being a writer and artist in his own right, colors *Flesh & Bones* and *The Doomsday Squad*. Thanks, guys. I'll be happy to contribute an acerbic little commentary to a benefit book of yours if *you* ever get sued.

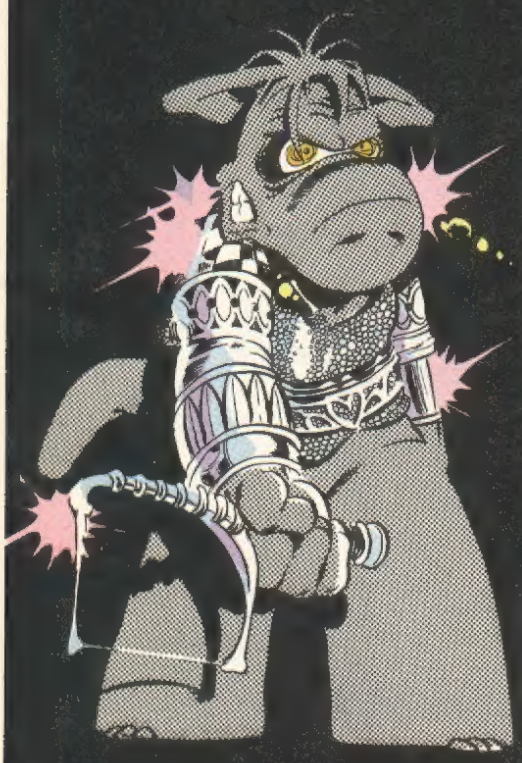
Finally, a big thanks to Pat Boyette, comics veteran and dear friend.

—GARY GROTH

CEREBUS in BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO

Story & Art:
DAVE SIM

Coloring:
TOM LUTH



On the occasion of Michelle's abrupt departure (first Michelle, that is; not the Countess), our intrepid Aardvarkian protagonist suffered a condition not unfamiliar to any of us who have traversed the rugged highways and merciless by-ways of loves found and loves lost. It is tempting to say that the Aardvarkian mind is beyond our understanding but, in the opinion of your humble narrator, such assertion smacks of making music by the boneyard.

Who among us could say, with any degree of certainty, that the abrupt and completely unexpected termination of what had been (to that point) a mutually-satisfying and fully acquiesced-to period of cohabital bliss would not compel us to behave in a manner which could most charitably be described as "odd"? Who among us could say, under solemn oath, that the discovery of an elaborate, glistening blouse of fine silks and rare metals, purchased for the Abrupt and Unexpected Terminator at great and impoverishing expense mere days before the unhappy expiration, and with an heirloom cheese-slicer which had been in the family of the pubescent child for countless generations.....?

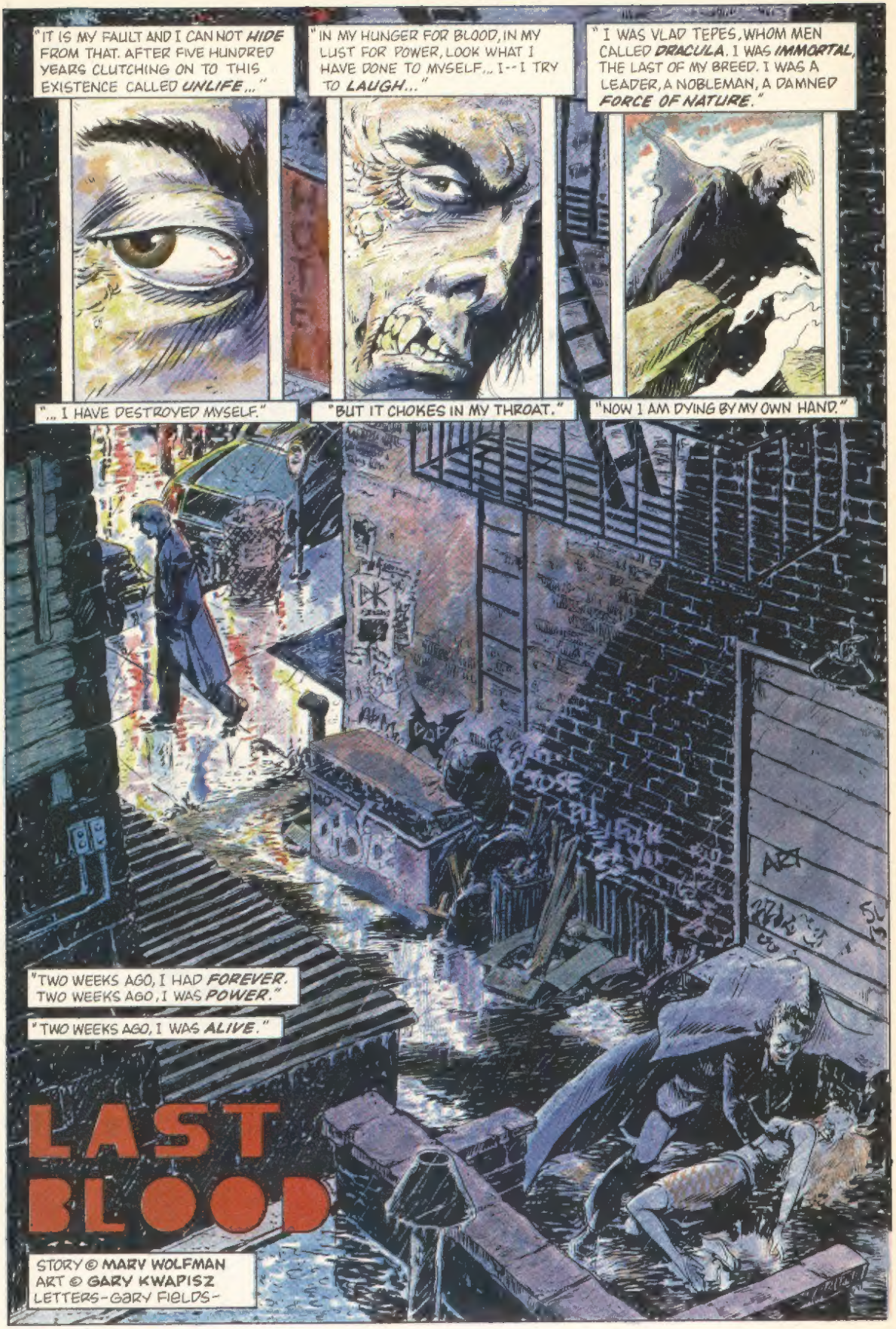
Who among us could say that we would *not* don the offending garment? Who among us could say that we would not take up the damnable utensil? Who among us could say that we would not go about the appointed tasks of our most recent vocation so-bedecked? To wit; the collecting of mandatory donations for the maintenance and gratification of the governing class and (while supplies last) society as a whole?

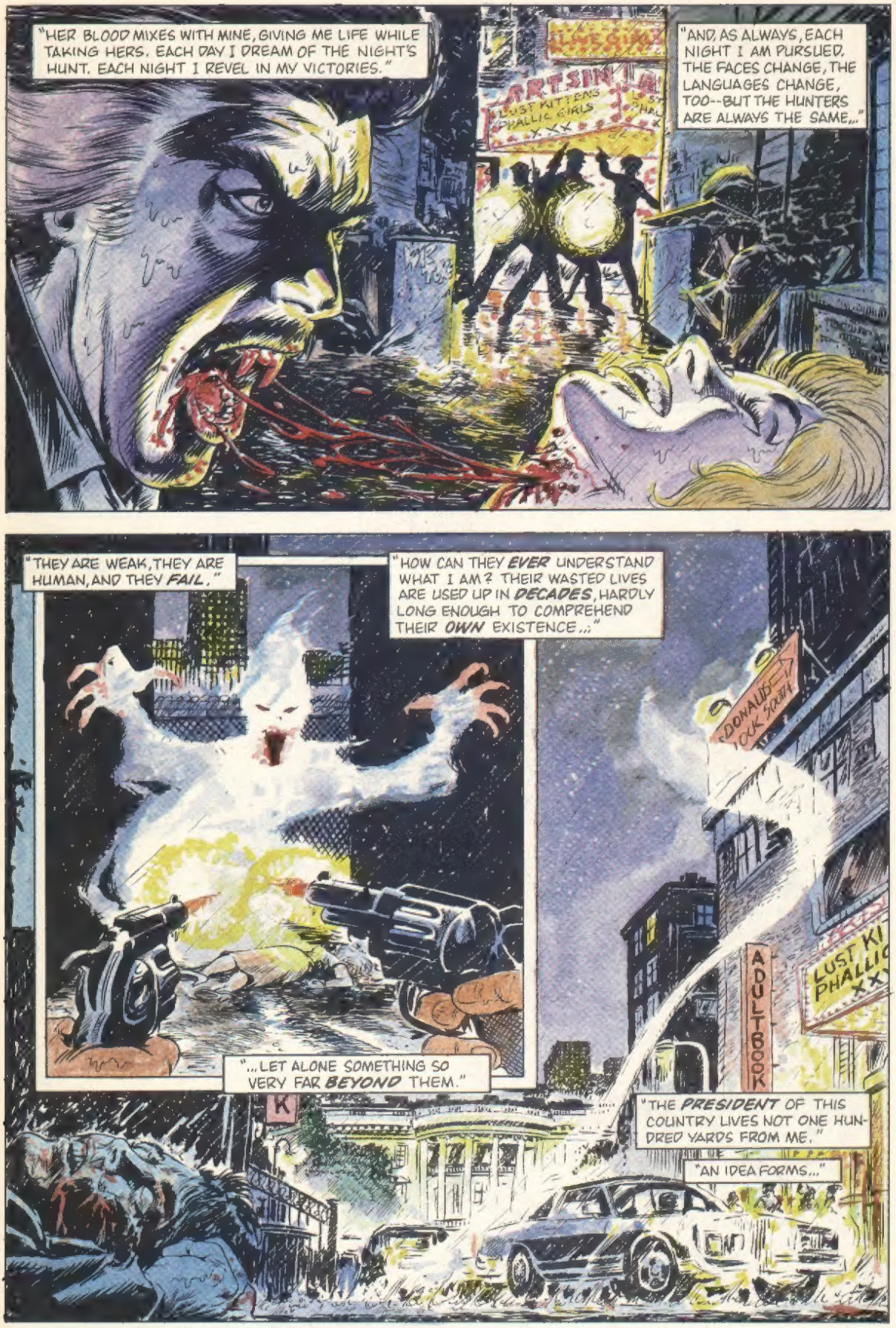
These questions are not intended rhetorically, but in the interests of momentum, we shall press on as if they were.

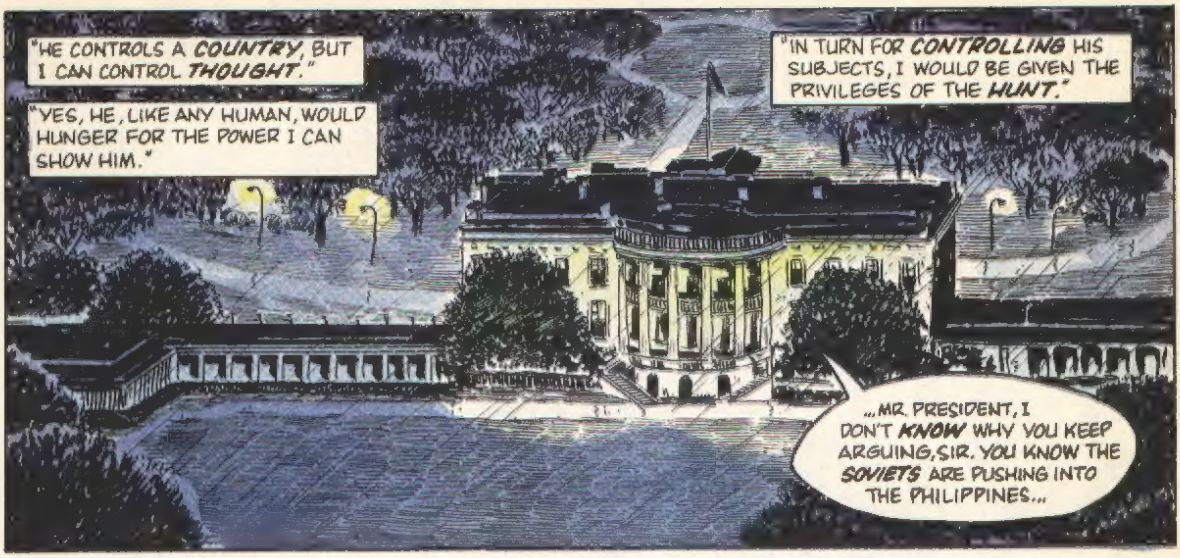
It was the unfortunate lot of one of the local intelligentsia (as rare an avis in the Aardvarkian age as now), a perceptive chap well-versed in matters arcane and philosophies dangerous of all stripes and persuasions, to be asked to remark upon the condition and implication(s) of the Regional Representative of His Royal Highness' Chancellor of the Exchequer and Agent of the Municipal Treasury going about his appointed rounds dressed in a Panrovian Harem Costume of recent vintage and enforcing the Will of Our Blessed Sovereign with a kitchen utensil of almost unimaginably-limited effectiveness. Being an aficionado of the esoteric, the unusual, the colorful, the excessive, the unique, the eccentric, the different and the varied (in large measure this was the reason his opinion was much-valued in the little community and served to explain the crowd that had gathered to have a listen) he replied, with no little affection.....

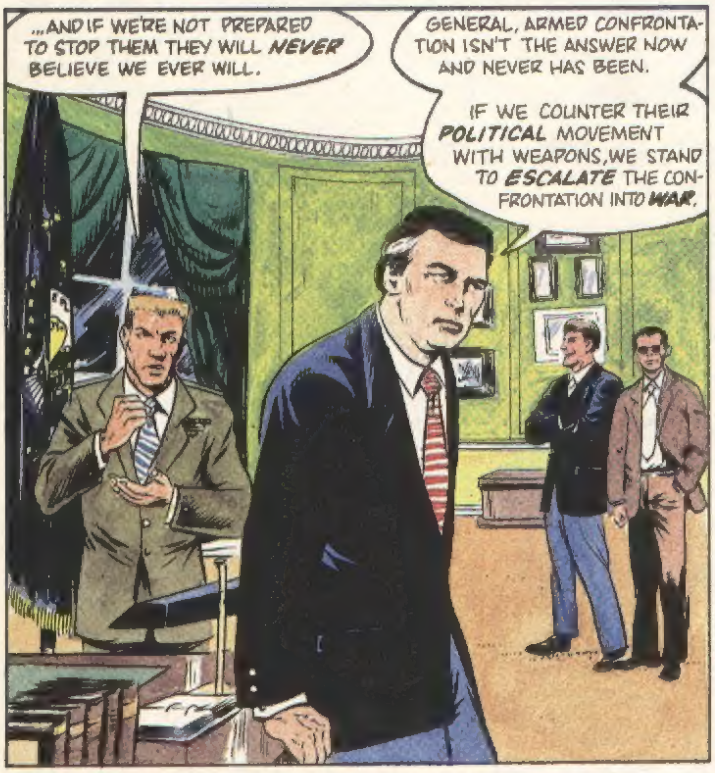
"He's bugfuck."

Unfortunate, because it was rumoured that he later died of multiple cheese-slicer wounds administered with great ferocity and no small among of diligence — — — proving, once more, that it is not the inherent appropriateness of a given tool, so much as the determination of its owner to accomplish a task which dictates success or failure. If there is another moral to this tale which escapes your humble narrator, he begs that you attribute the oversight to the limited perceptions to be garnered from a story-teller's humble toil and grants you leave to pursue larger meanings with critics, professors, biographers, attorneys, and others whose livelihoods are predicated upon elaborate landscaping of the simplest molehills.

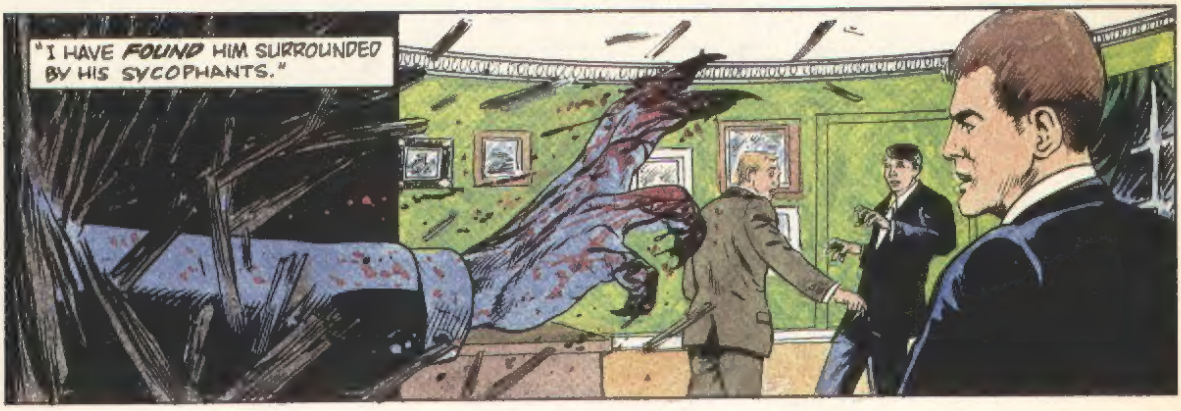

"IT IS MY FAULT AND I CAN NOT HIDE FROM THAT. AFTER FIVE HUNDRED YEARS CLUTCHING ON TO THIS EXISTENCE CALLED UNLIFE..."
"IN MY HUNGER FOR BLOOD, IN MY LUST FOR POWER, LOOK WHAT I HAVE DONE TO MYSELF... I--I TRY TO LAUGH..."
"I WAS VLAD TEPES, WHOM MEN CALLED DRACULA. I WAS IMMORTAL, THE LAST OF MY BREED. I WAS A LEADER, A NOBLEMAN, A DAMNED FORCE OF NATURE."
"... I HAVE DESTROYED MYSELF."
"BUT IT CHOKES IN MY THROAT."
"NOW I AM DYING BY MY OWN HAND."
"TWO WEEKS AGO, I HAD FOREVER. TWO WEEKS AGO, I WAS POWER."
"TWO WEEKS AGO, I WAS ALIVE."
LAST BLOOD
STORY © MARV WOLFMAN
ART © GARY KWAPISZ
LETTERS-GARY FIELDS-

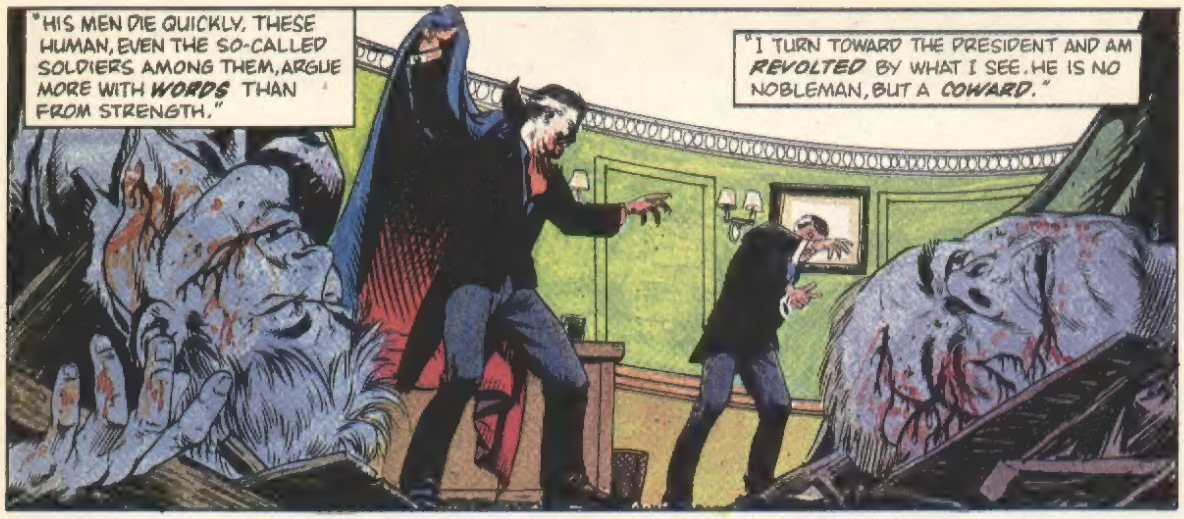

"HER BLOOD MIXES WITH MINE, GIVING ME LIFE WHILE TAKING HERS. EACH DAY I DREAM OF THE NIGHT'S HUNT. EACH NIGHT I REVEL IN MY VICTORIES."
"AND, AS ALWAYS, EACH NIGHT I AM PURSUED. THE FACES CHANGE, THE LANGUAGES CHANGE, TOO--BUT THE HUNTERS ARE ALWAYS THE SAME..."
"THEY ARE WEAK, THEY ARE HUMAN, AND THEY FAIL."
"HOW CAN THEY EVER UNDERSTAND WHAT I AM? THEIR WASTED LIVES ARE USED UP IN DECADES, HARDLY LONG ENOUGH TO COMPREHEND THEIR OWN EXISTENCE..."
"...LET ALONE SOMETHING SO VERY FAR BEYOND THEM."
ADULTBOOK
"THE PRESIDENT OF THIS COUNTRY LIVES NOT ONE HUNDRED YARDS FROM ME."
"AN IDEA FORMS..."


"HE CONTROLS A COUNTRY, BUT I CAN CONTROL THOUGHT."
"YES, HE, LIKE ANY HUMAN, WOULD HUNGER FOR THE POWER I CAN SHOW HIM."
"IN TURN FOR CONTROLLING HIS SUBJECTS, I WOULD BE GIVEN THE PRIVILEGES OF THE HUNT."
...MR. PRESIDENT, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU KEEP ARGUING, SIR. YOU KNOW THE SOVIETS ARE PUSHING INTO THE PHILIPPINES...


...AND IF WE'RE NOT PREPARED TO STOP THEM THEY WILL NEVER BELIEVE WE EVER WILL.
GENERAL, ARMED CONFRONTATION ISN'T THE ANSWER NOW AND NEVER HAS BEEN.
IF WE COUNTER THEIR POLITICAL MOVEMENT WITH WEAPONS, WE STAND TO ESCALATE THE CONFRONTATION INTO WAR.

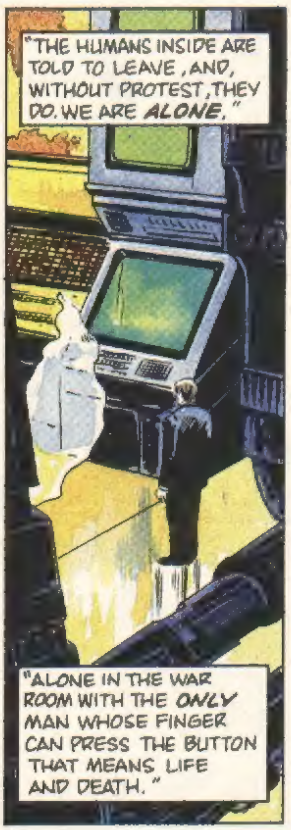
WE CAN WIN A NUCLEAR WAR, MR. PRESIDENT. WE HAVE GREATER WEAPONS THAN THEY. THE UNITED STATES CAN SURVIVE.


"I HAVE FOUND HIM SURROUNDED BY HIS SYCOPHANTS."


"HIS MEN DIE QUICKLY. THESE HUMAN, EVEN THE SO-CALLED SOLDIERS AMONG THEM, ARGUE MORE WITH *WORDS* THAN FROM STRENGTH."
"I TURN TOWARD THE PRESIDENT AND AM *REVOLTED* BY WHAT I SEE. HE IS NO NOBLEMAN, BUT A *COWARD*."

"STILL, I HAVE *NEED* OF HIM... AND I *TAKE* HIM."
"HIS SOFT MIND GIVES WAY QUICKLY. WITHIN MOMENTS, THIS LEADER OF NATIONS, IS *MINE TO CONTROL*."

WAIT OUTSIDE, LEAVE ME *ALONE*.
YESSIR!


"THE HUMANS INSIDE ARE TOLD TO LEAVE, AND, WITHOUT PROTEST, THEY DO. WE ARE *ALONE*."
"ALONE IN THE WAR ROOM WITH THE *ONLY* MAN WHOSE FINGER CAN PRESS THE BUTTON THAT MEANS LIFE AND DEATH."

"I WAS *WRONG* BEFORE. I CAN NOT *SHARE* CONTROL, NOR CAN I ALLOW *YOU* TO HOLD IT IN MY NAME. POWER MUST BE *MINE*."
"BUT NOT IN *THIS* TECHNOLOGICAL WORLD. IN A *SIMPLER* ONE SUCH AS IN THE TIME OF *MY* BIRTH."
IDENTITY CONFIAMED
"TO THAT SIMPLER ERA WE SHALL *RETURN*."

"A NUCLEAR WAR WILL *REDUCE* THE POPULATION OF THIS PLANET TO AN ACCEPTABLE NUMBER WHICH WILL BE *EASY* TO CONTROL."
MR. PRESIDENT,.. DESTINY AWAITS!

"AND IN SO DOING, I KILLED MYSELF."
"IT HAS BEEN TWENTY-THREE DAYS SINCE THE FIRES WASHED THROUGH THIS CITY AND ALL THE CITIES ON EARTH. TWENTY-ONE SINCE THE RADIATION SWEPT ACROSS THIS GLOBE LIKE SOME RAVENOUS BEAST FERRETING OUT ITS PREY. THEY WERE ALL WRONG, ALL THOSE EXPERTS..."
"THERE WERE MORE MISSILES THAN EITHER SIDE CLAIMED EXISTED... AND ONLY HALF THOSE MISSILES WERE NEEDED TO DESTROY EVERY LIVING CREATURE ON EARTH."
"THE CANCER IN MY STOMACH CRIES OUT IN HUNGER, BUT WILL NOT BE SATED AS THE DISEASE CLAWS ITS WAY UP INTO MY HEART AND BLACKENS MY LUNGS. I BREATHE IN AND MY EXPLODE AND THE FIRE BURNS UP INTO MY BRAIN. I DIE. AGAIN I DIE."
"BUT THIS TIME I DO NOT RISE."
THE END.

LLOOK OUT FOR...

Lloyd Llewellyn

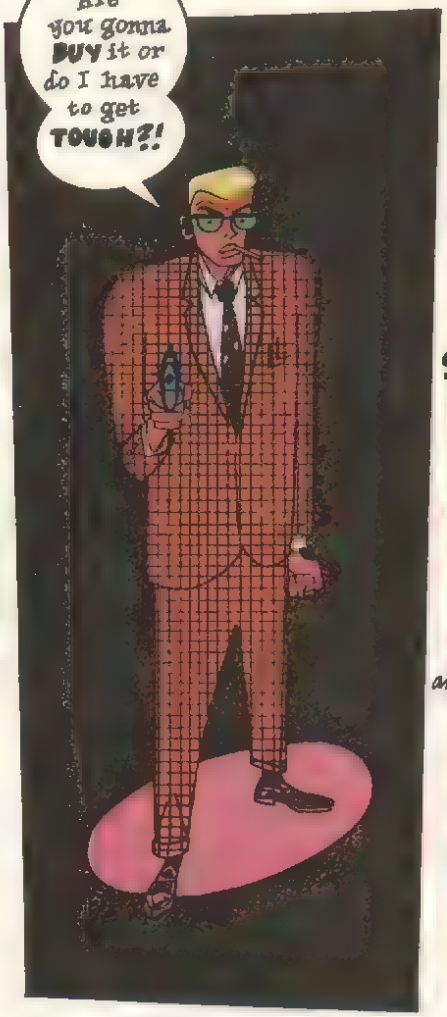
Featuring:

ACTION-PACKED PAGES

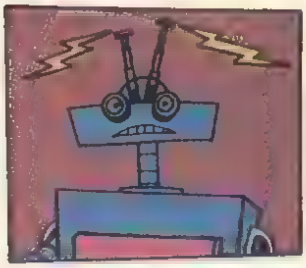
ALIENS...

MURDERERS...

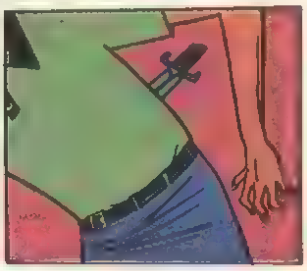
BEATNIKS...



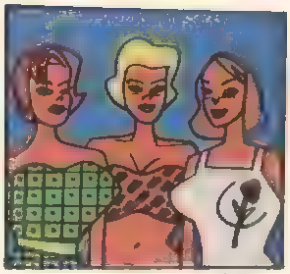
ROBOTS...



SENSELESS VIOLENCE...



and GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS!



© Daniel Clowes '85

☐ I'm hip! *LLOYD LLEWELLYN* looks like just the kind of comic I've been waiting for! Send me the current issue hot off the press! I've enclosed $2.75 ($2.25 plus 50 cents postage and handling)—$3.25 outside the U.S. of A.!

☐ I'm sold! Send me the next six fabulous issues of *Lloyd Llewellyn*. I've enclosed $12.00 (outside U.S., $16.00)—a substantial saving over cover price!

NAME _____

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The coolest comic on the newsstand. (Would we kid ya?)

Every other month from

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

THEY HAVEN'T STOPPED US YET.

A Song Lyric

Verse I

Some years ago, I started gettin' mail
From a place that's awfully nice...

...Where you can get your favorite magazines At an extra-special price!

Cheap Subscriptions

Now I'm not talkin' 'bout the "girly rack" At the downtown cigar store.

I'm talkin' 'bout a place Where they help you out Like you've never been helped before!

They call it the

Purchasers Clearing House

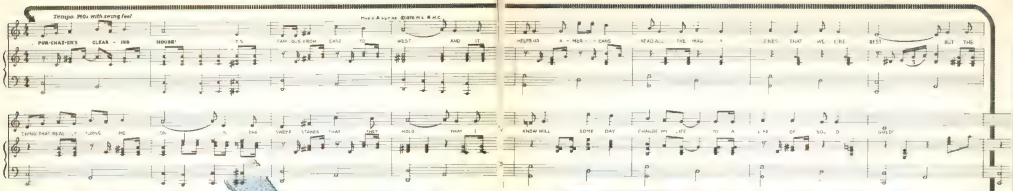
Words: Howard Cruse
Music: Marty Lyles

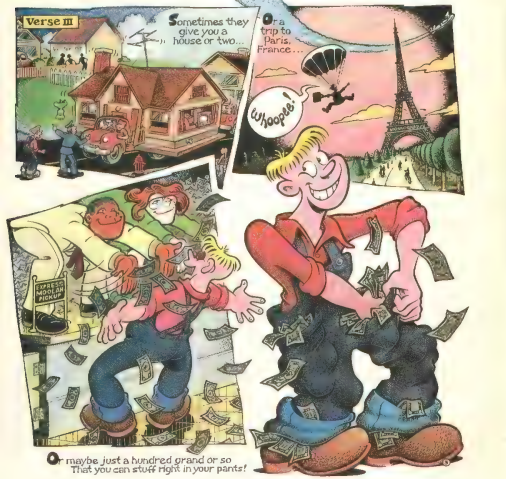
It's famous from east...

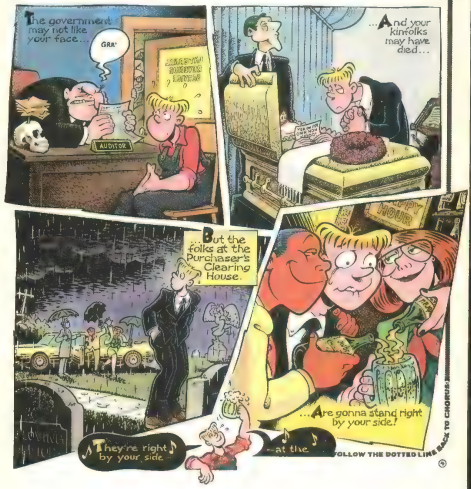
...To west!

And it helps us Americans read all the magazines that we like best!...

But the thing that really turns me on is the SWEEPSTAKES that they hold...
...That I know will someday change my life...
WE WANT TO MAKE YOU RICH!!
...To a life of solid gold!
Verse II
I don't know how they do it!
They're just a generous bunch o' guys!
Cause you don't have to buy one single book...
...And you still can win that prize!
Still I do go ahead and sign on up to subscribe ev'ry now and then!
Dear Purchaser's Clearing House, send me 24 issues of:
I may never need it, but I want those folks to remember that I'm their friend!
Yes, I'm a friend of the...


Tempo 1960s with swing feel
PUR-CHAS-ER'S CLEAR - ING HOUSE!
HELPS US A - MER - CANS READ ALL THE MAG - A - ZINES THAT WE LIKE BEST BUT THE
KNOW WILL SOME DAY CHANGE MY LIFE TO A LIFE OF SOL - D GOLD!


Verse III
Sometimes they give you a house or two...
Or a trip to Paris, France...
Whoopee!
EXPRESS MONEY ON FIGHT
Or maybe just a hundred grand or so That you can stuff right in your pants!


The government may not like your face...
GRR!
AUDITOR
...And your kinfolks may have died...
But the folks at the Purchaser's Clearing House.
They're right by your side
...Are gonna stand right by your side!
...at the
FOLLOW THE DOTTED LINE BACK TO CHORUS

Verse IV
NMMPH?
UM... 'SCUSE ME...
USED PENCIL
But if things don't pan out so good.
...If they never go my way...
You won't find me sleepin' in the public park, even though I'm old and grey!
I'll hop a freight...
?
...Or I'll hitch a ride...
Any way that the law allows...
And arrive where I know they'll take me in...
...At the Purchaser's Clearing House!

Yes, for years they've been takin' everyone in...
All of us women... All of us men...
Some of us fat... Some of us thin...
Some with drool drippin' offa our chin...
However you stumble, However you sin,
If you can lick that stamp, then you can dream you'll win...
...Cause the welcome mat's out where it's always been...
...Just three blocks west of the rainbow's end...
...at the PURCHASER'S CLEARING HOUSE!
C'mon, everybody...
...sing along!
one more time...
They call it...

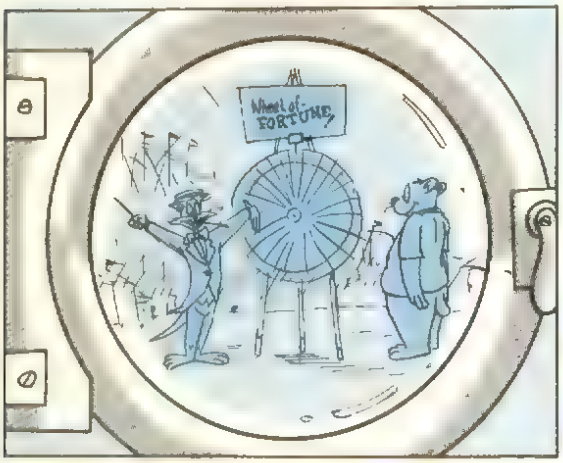
WELCOME!
Purchaser's Clearing House
...The Purchaser's Clearing House!
It's famous from east to west,
And it helps us Americans read all the
Magazines that we like best!
But the thing that really turns me on
Is the SWEEPSTAKES that they hold
That I know will someday
change my life...
CRUSH
...to a life of $olid gol-l-ld!
Th' Livin' END!

EPISODE #237 IN OUR "ADVENTURES IN 'DRIBBLE GLASS' HUMOUR" SERIES, NOW AVAILABLE ON STEREO CASSETTES.

JEEZ! THE PLACE LOOKS DESERTED!
OH, WELL, LET'S GET OUR CLOTHES LOADED UP...
RULES
NO-SPITTING
NO-YELLING
NO-KICKING
NO-HITTING
WAIT, MR. JACK.
JAYTAG
COME AGAIN?
I SAID, WAIT, MR. JACK.
CANDY
WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE OLD NUMBA NINE FRONT LOADER?
NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR DAMAGE TO:
TASTELESS PRINTS
KINKY UNDIES
ROCK BAND T-SHIRTS
LEG WARMERS
PLASTIC TROUSERS
OR OTHER STUPID ARTICLES

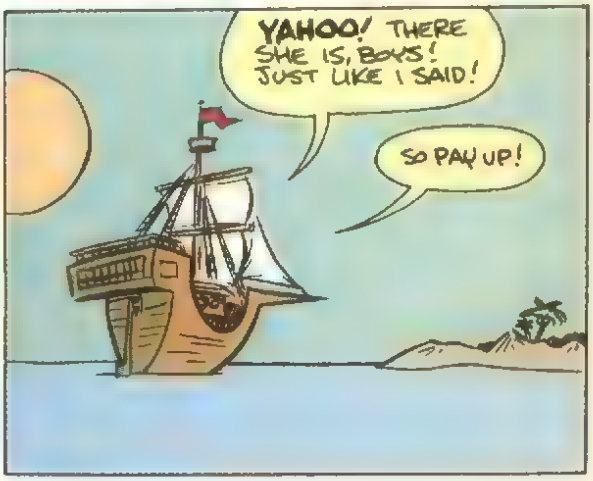
WHERE DID... HEY! HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?
PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM WENDY L. WASHER, BETTER KNOWN AS "THE LEADER OF THE LAUNDROMAT"!
CANDY
IT IS FROM PAST GENERATIONS THAT YOU ARE KNOWN TO ME!
NOW BE A GOOD BOY AND GIVE OL' NUMBA NINE A WHIRL..
.... MR. JACK!
WASH
RINSE
SPIN
AH, THAT'S FINE! YES, YOU ARE KNOWN TO ME JUST AS ALL THE OTHER JACKS THROUGHOUT HISTORY...
... GAZE INTO NUMBA NINE AND I SHALL TELL YOU A TALE...

"LET US TURN BACK THE HANDS OF TIME TO A CERTAIN CARNIVAL BACK IN 1966 WHERE A FAMILIAR FACE WAS ENGAGING IN A GAME OF THE FATES.."



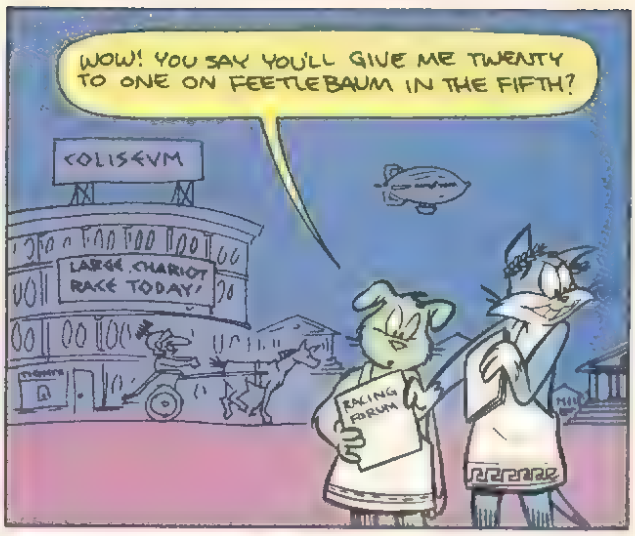
"AS YOU SHALL SOON SEE, THIS WAS NOT THE FIRST JACK ON THE SCENE."

"IT WAS BACK IN 1492 THAT RUDOLFO ALFREDO GARCIA SANCHEZ JACK the III AIDED IN THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA."



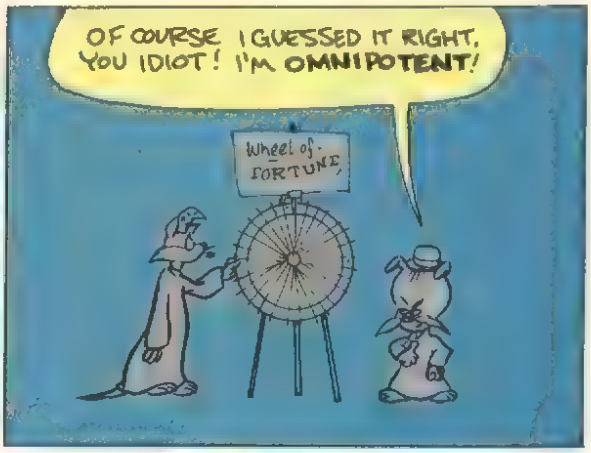
"A JACK WAS PRESENT IN OLD MEDIEVAL DAYS..."

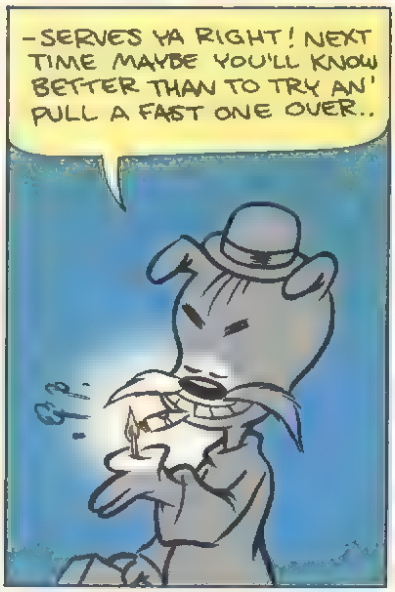
"... AND IN ANCIENT ROME..."

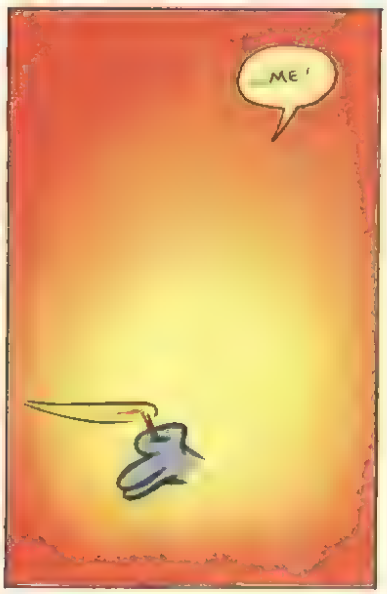


"... THE BEGINNING OF 'MAN'..."

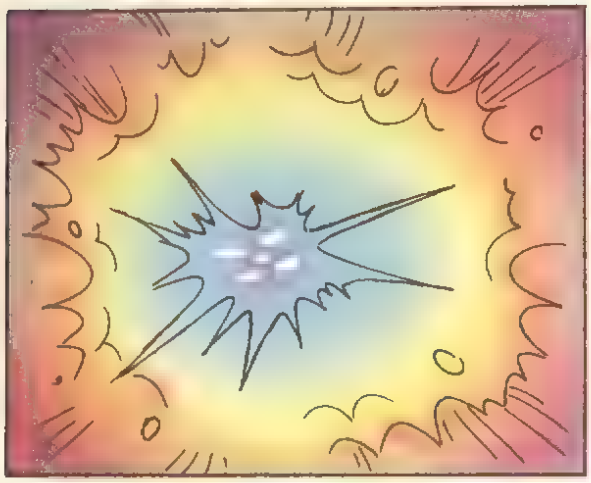
"... AND EVEN BACK TO THE DAWN OF EVERYTHING, WHERE TWO EXTREMELY POWERFUL GODS WERE DEBATING OVER AN EXTREMELY BIG QUESTION!"

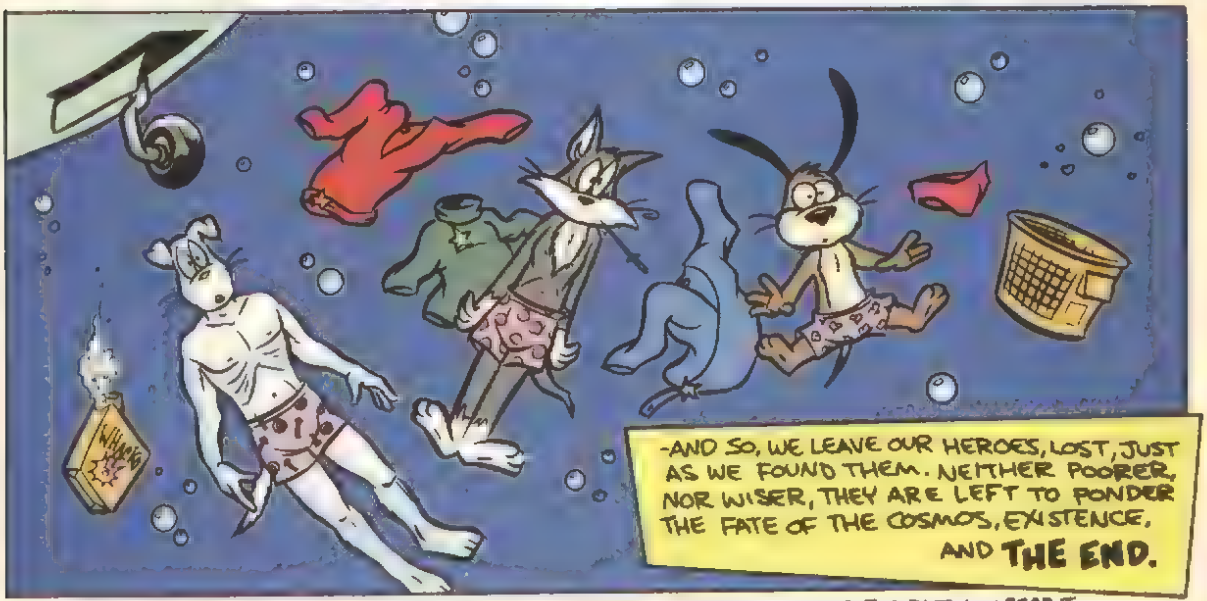






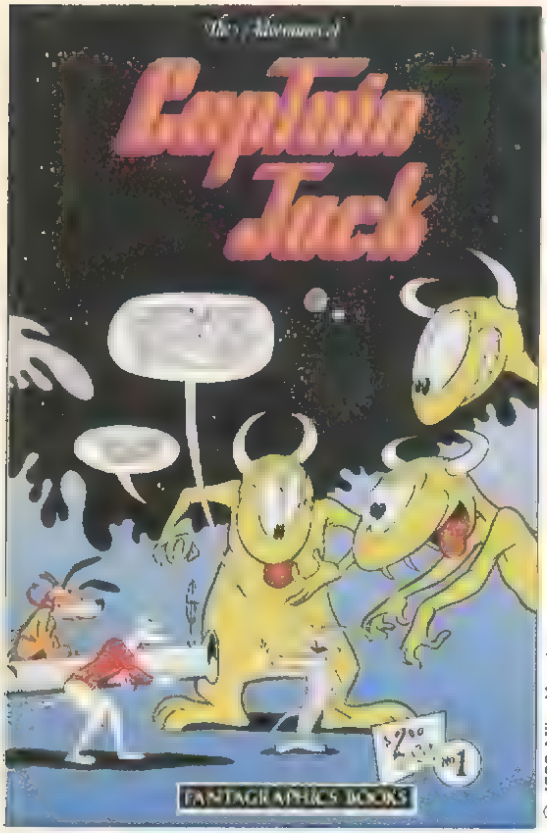
"IT WAS THIS COSMIC BLAST THAT WOULD EVENTUALLY BECOME KNOWN AS THE 'BIG BANG' THEORY!"





FOR A TRANSCRICT OF THIS COMIC STRIP, SEND $5.00 % THIS MAGAZINE. BE SURE TO INCLUDE THE DATE YOU READ IT.

SO WHO WANTS TO READ ONLY COMIC BOOKS ABOUT PEOPLE?



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Sure, comic books about humans can be fun...for a while. But eventually, people start to look pretty much the same. You know? They've all got two arms and two legs, and big muscles. Very few of them have big, floppy ears, and only a couple of them are furry.

Well, if you're as tired as we are of all those hairless, pink mercenaries/superheroes/crimefighters/barbarians... we think we might have something for you.

Take Captain Jack. He's a cat. His crewmates are all dogs—a big, strapping one (who's actually an android), and a little, goofy one, who is bedeviled by a tiny demon sidekick. Together they roam across the universe, raising hell and getting drunk and otherwise enjoying themselves. Now how many humans do you know who can boast that?

Or take our anthology title, Critters. We have a samurai strip starring a rabbit; a space opera starring a fox; a suburban comedy/drama starring a family of dragons; a film-noir detective series starring a cat; and the occasional hare, lizard, and rhino dropping in from time to time.

Now, human beings are okay once in a while. If you want two "heroes" dumb enough to wallop each other with skyscrapers for 10 pages at a time, they'll always serve.

But if you're looking for the kind of entertainment that'll give you a little bit more, we'd like to suggest the animal alternative.

Every month in Critters; every other month in Captain Jack. Thirty pages of high-flying fun. And no damn people. We promise.

Subscribe today! You won't regret it!

Send to:
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
4359 Cornell Road
Agoura, CA 91301

☐ Send me the next six issues of **Captain Jack**. I've enclosed $9.00 (Canada: $11.00)

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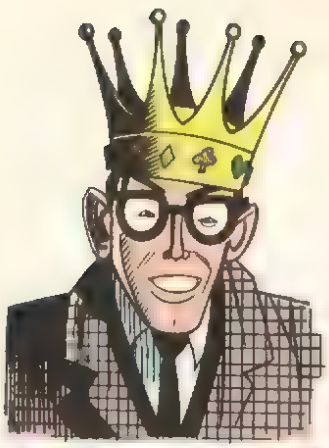
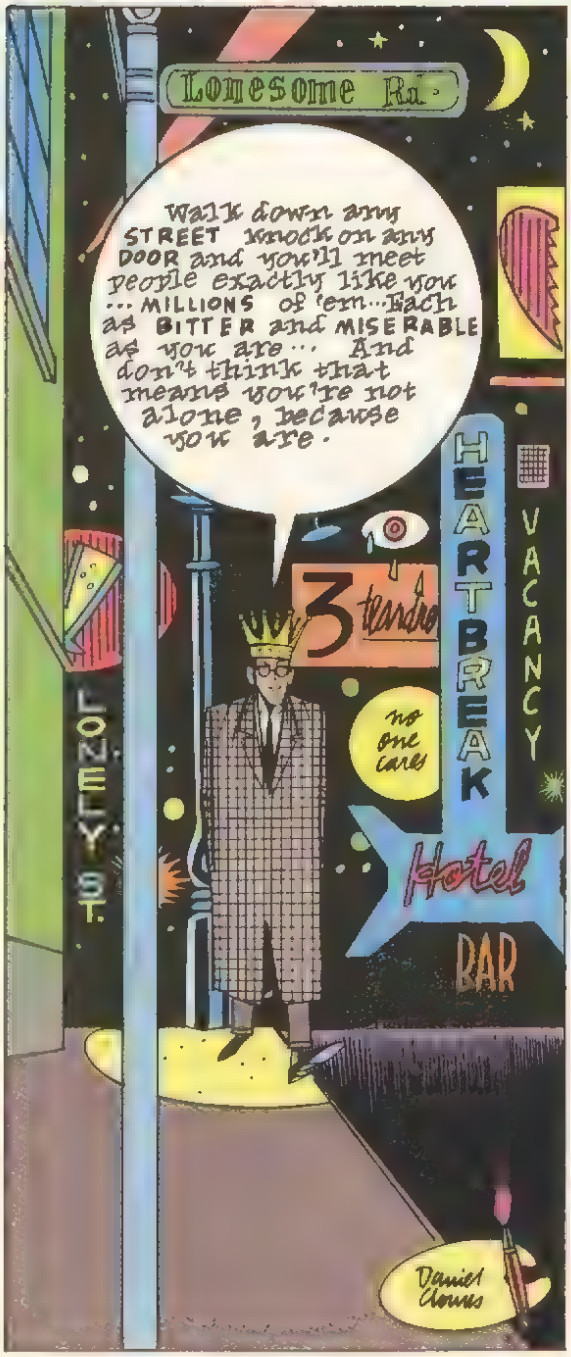
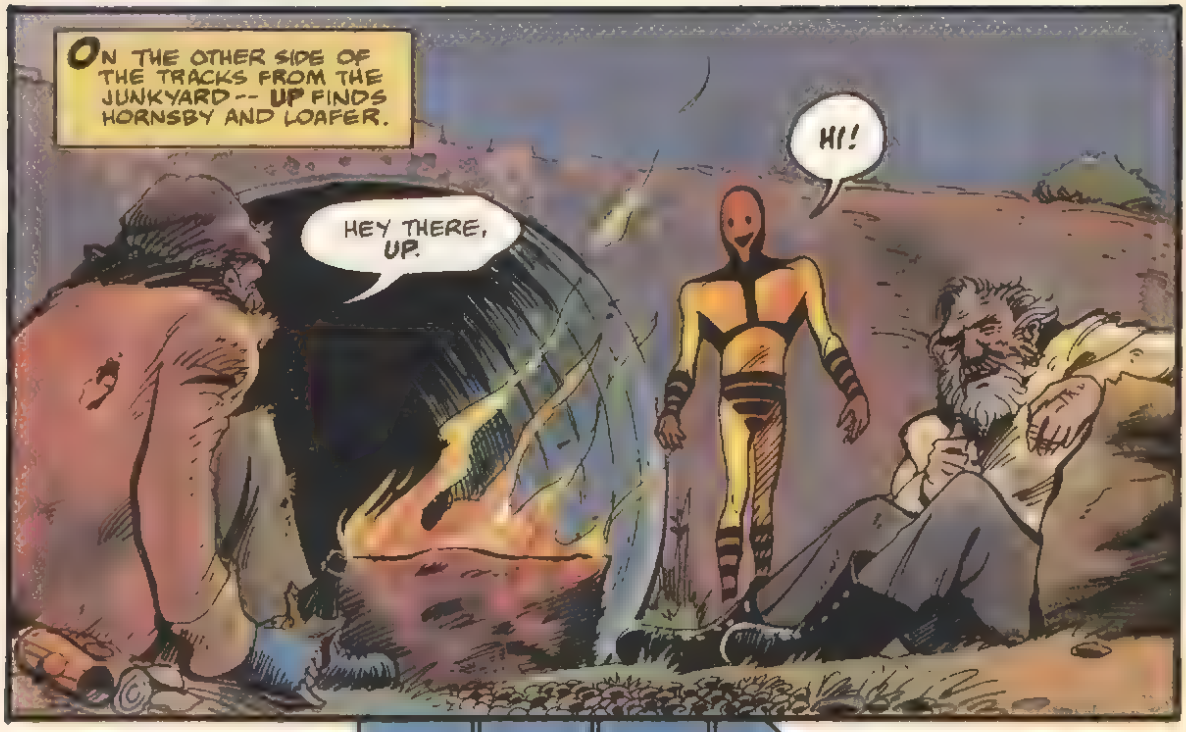


Welcome to the land on the BLUE SIDE of LONESOME. I am the KING of the LOSERS. Those who set sail on the SEA of HEARTBREAK always wash up here eventually. We've got a valley of PAIN and a mountain of SADNESS and the sun never shines ... Not exactly a VACATION PARADISE but you'll get used to it ... You're one of us now. This is the world of BROKEN HEARTS and you're hearing words meant ...

for LOSERS only



Looks like he's going to visit MR. MISERY... Now THERE'S a guy who loves company...
WOOPS! Off she goes! Didja catch a glimpse of her?...
That was The Girl Who Got Away!...
Hullo LOYAL SUBJECTS! ...Evening Joe... any mail?
...'Nother Dear John letter...
BLUE room
Mm... How'd you guys do at the track today?
Pfft!
Lost my shirt!
What else is new... Hey, see over there?... That's the Spirit of Alcoholic Depression... Comes in here a couple times a week...
WOW!
But I guess you've met him before... OLD PALS, right?
MIS
B
A
R
NO EXIT
Well... it's been great but I've gotta be going... Time to sit by the phone and wait for The Call that Never Comes... I'll see you around...
♫ ...No one ever tells you--how it feels to walk alone... ♫



ULTIMATE POTENTIAL

by MARK WHEATLEY

LETTERING ASSISTED BY MARC HEMPEL

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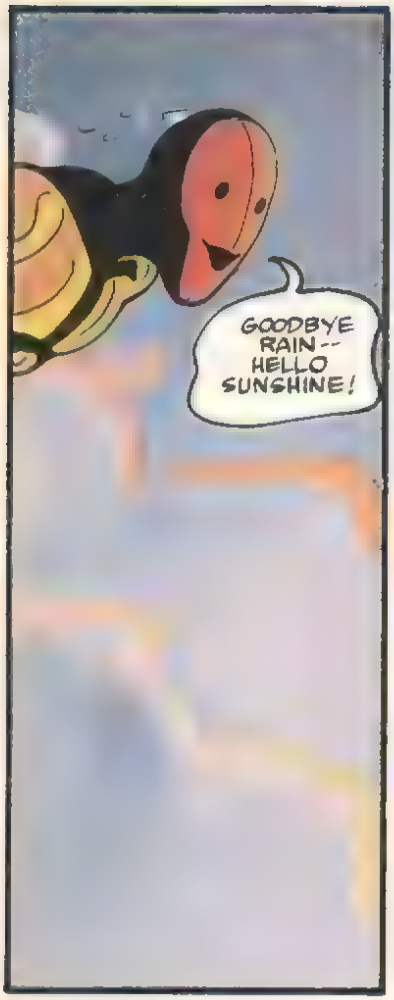
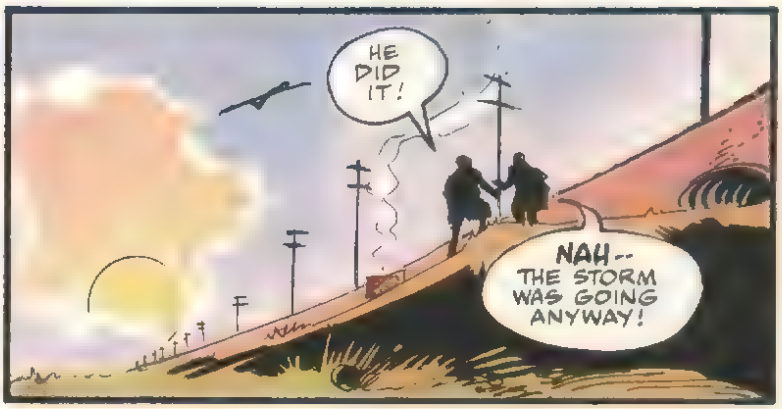
ME?
YEAH!
HE-HE!
SNORT!
BUT-- I'VE NEVER STOPPED THE RAIN BEFORE...
KRA-KOOM!

AIN'T NOTHIN' TO IT-- YOU JUST POP UP THERE AN' FIGHT IT OUT WITH OLD MAN THUNDER. I'D DO IT, BUT I CAME CLEAN AWAY FROM THAT LAST FREIGHT WITHOUT MY FAIRIE DUST!
YOU WANT ME TO GO UP THERE?
SURE!
WOW! OK!

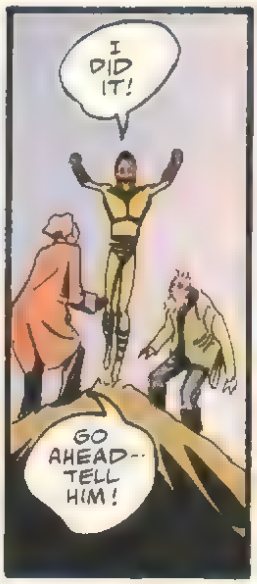
OLD MAN THUNDER--
--HERE I COME!
HOW IN THE NAME...
=URP!=
ZRASH!
YOU'VE GOT TO GO AWAY!
SPAT
SPAT
SPAT
SPAT
SPAT
SPAT
YOU'RE BOTHERING PEOPLE!

THROUGHOUT THE AFTERNOON THE STORM TAKES LITTLE NOTICE OF UP'S ATTACKS...
PLEASE GO AWAY!
AND FINALLY IT DOES.

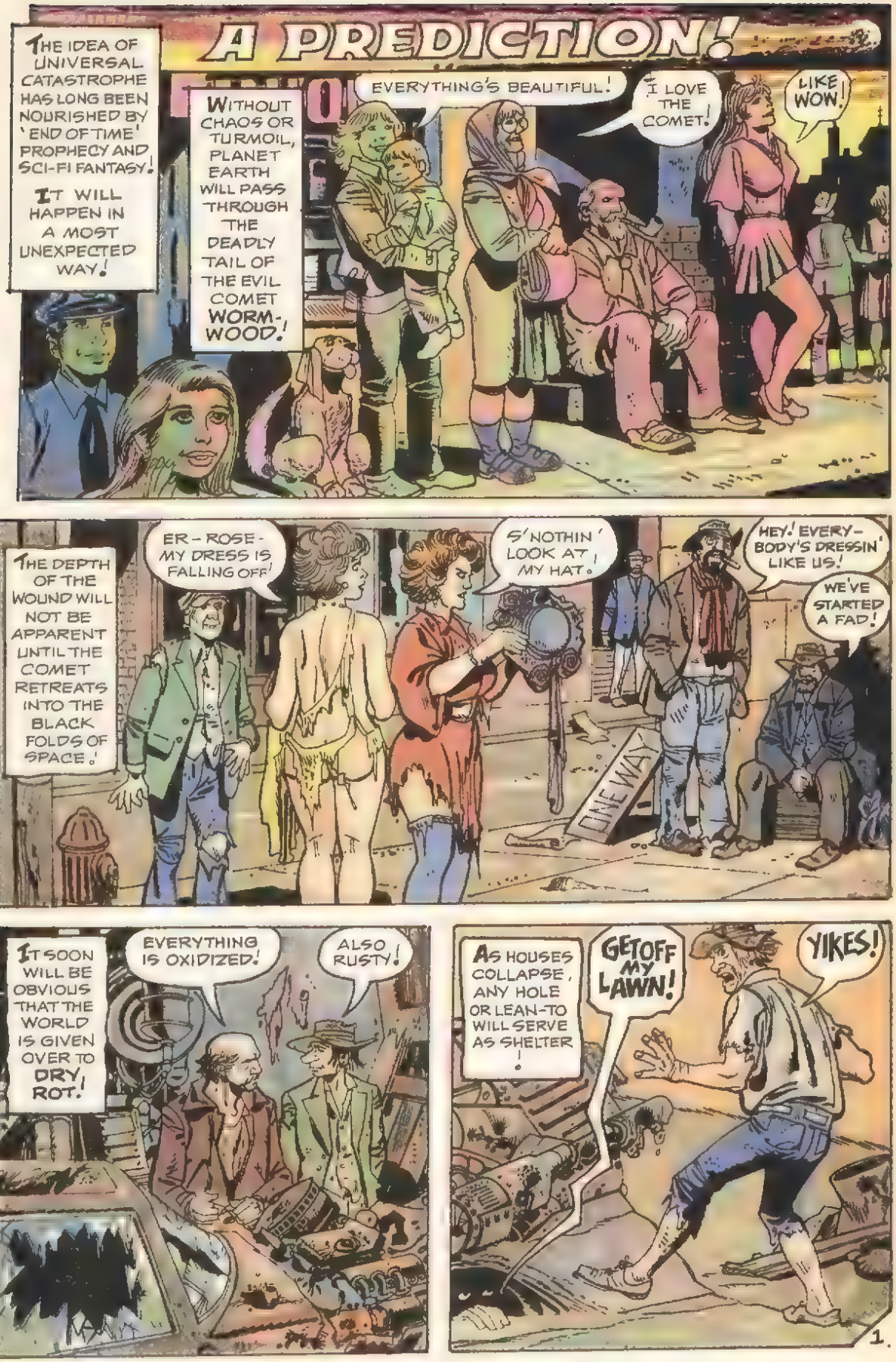

GOODBYE RAIN-- HELLO SUNSHINE!


HE DID IT!
NAH-- THE STORM WAS GOING ANYWAY!

OK!

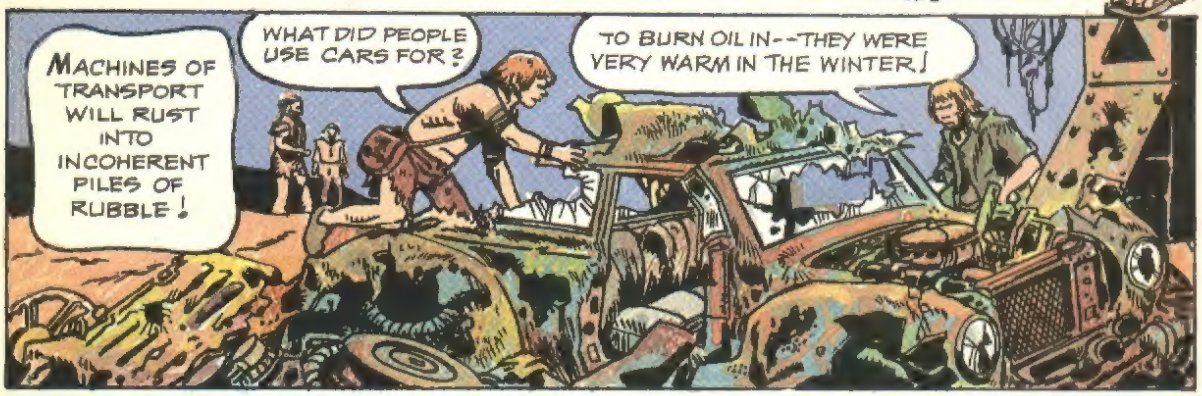

I DID IT!
GO AHEAD-- TELL HIM!

TELL ME WHAT?


A PREDICTION!
THE IDEA OF UNIVERSAL CATASTROPHE HAS LONG BEEN NOURISHED BY 'END OF TIME' PROPHECY AND SCI-FI FANTASY!
IT WILL HAPPEN IN A MOST UNEXPECTED WAY!
WITHOUT CHAOS OR TURMOIL, PLANET EARTH WILL PASS THROUGH THE DEADLY TAIL OF THE EVIL COMET WORM-WOOD!
EVERYTHING'S BEAUTIFUL!
I LOVE THE COMET!
LIKE WOW!
THE DEPTH OF THE WOUND WILL NOT BE APPARENT UNTIL THE COMET RETREATS INTO THE BLACK FOLDS OF SPACE!
ER - ROSE - MY DRESS IS FALLING OFF!
S'NOTHIN' LOOK AT MY HAT.
HEY! EVERY-BODY'S DRESSIN' LIKE US!
WE'VE STARTED A FAD!
ONE WAY
IT SOON WILL BE OBVIOUS THAT THE WORLD IS GIVEN OVER TO DRY ROT!
EVERYTHING IS OXIDIZED!
ALSO RUSTY!
AS HOUSES COLLAPSE, ANY HOLE OR LEAN-TO WILL SERVE AS SHELTER!
GET OFF MY LAWN!
YIKES!
1.

TO A WORLD DISTINGUISHED BY FASHIONS OF CULTURE AND VANITY-- POST COMET ATTIRE WILL BE JUST YOUR BASIC TICKEY, TACKY UGLY!

THE JUSTICE IN LAW WILL SLIP FROM MEMORY AS THE JURISDICTION OF MIGHT GAINS FAVOR!


MACHINES OF TRANSPORT WILL RUST INTO INCOHERENT PILES OF RUBBLE!
WHAT DID PEOPLE USE CARS FOR?
TO BURN OIL IN--THEY WERE VERY WARM IN THE WINTER!

ANYTHING THAT MOVES WILL BE VALUABLE AS FOOD!
BUT WHAT IS IT?
WHO CARES ...I'LL GET THE MUSTARD!

BUT, HUMANKIND HAS OFT LIVED IN CAVES, DRESSED ABSURDLY, EATEN EXOTIC FOODS, AND BEHAVED IN ANTI-SOCIAL WAYS! NO- IT'S QUALITY THE COMET WILL DUMP INTO THE PITS!
WITHOUT THE GUITAR, THE IRRITATION VALUE HAS GONE FROM PROTEST SONGS!
WHIMPERING ACAPPELLA AIN'T BAD!
2.

OF COURSE, SUCH AN ECOLOGICAL TRAUMA WILL PRODUCE MUTANTS!
IT'S AN ATTACK MOUSE!
CULTURAL BRIC-A-BRAC WILL BE DECIMATED!
I THINK IT'S GREAT!
MY JAWN BOIN ORIGINAL IS ROTTEN!
OLD TREASURES WILL TARNISH!
THERE'S JUST NOTHING ON THE T.V. ANYMORE!
BORING!
AND IN ALL THE WORLD— ONLY ONE COMIC BOOK WILL SURVIVE!
NOBODY BREATHE!
WOW!
I'LL GIVE A THOUSAND JUST TO TOUCH IT!
OK-EVERYBODY BACK- YOU'RE TOO CLOSE!
YOUR BREATH WILL RUST THE STAPLES!
SINCE THE VALUE OF THIS BOOK WILL SOAR TO TEN MILLION DOLLARS—IT WOULD BE UNFAIR TO NAME IT, EXCEPT TO SAY IT WILL BE PUBLISHED BY FANTAGRAPHICS! SOMETIME IN 1986. SO- BUY EVERY FANTAGRAPHIC BOOK YOU CAN FIND-- INCREASE YOUR CHANCES TO CLAIM A COLLECTOR'S FORTUNE WHEN THE COMET COMES! HEY-TRUST US ON THIS ONE!
YEP! 30 MORE COPIES! ARE YOU SURE A COMET'S COMING!
WOULD GARY LIE?
3

WHO'S WHO

NEAL ADAMS

A grand master of the comics medium, Neal Adams practically redefined adventure comics in the '70s. After serving his apprenticeship drawing such characters as Archie, Bat Masterson, and Dr. Ben Casey, he stormed his way into mainstream comics with *Deadman*, lending credibility to a frankly insane premise. His much reprinted (and much imitated) contributions to *Batman*, *The Spectre*, *The X-Men*, *The Avengers*, *The Inhumans*, and *Green Lantern/Green Arrow* should be familiar to every comics reader. A tireless fighter for creator's rights, he spearheaded the movement that at least partly ameliorated the plantation system of the comics industry, often when few creators of his stature would stick their necks out. He is at present the president and publisher of his own independent company, Continuity Publishing. Forthcoming projects include the premiere issues of *Toyboy* and *Samuree* and the third issue of *Ms. Mystic*.

PAT BOYETTE

Pat Boyette was a television newscaster in the 1960s before he started drawing comics for Charlton Publications in the mid-'60s. He was a prodigiously prolific illustrator in the '60s and '70s, drawing *Flash Gordon*, *Jungle Jim*, *The Phantom*, *The Peacemaker*, *Thunderbolt*, Hanna-Barbera's *Korg*, *The Six Million Dollar Man*, *Space: 1999*, and other titles for Charlton Comics, as well as working for Warren Comics, Seaboard/Atlas, and DC Comics. He's currently busy drawing a revival of *Spencer Spook* for the new company Animated Comics Enterprises.

HOWARD CRUSE

Howard Cruse was the founding editor of what may be the last pertinent underground comic, *Gay Comix*. Recently, The Gay Press of New York published *Wendel*, a collection of strips done by Cruse for the *Advocate*; shortly before that, Renegade Press released a comic-book compilation of his best-known character, *Barefootz*. Cruse's skill as a cartoonist and commentator has grown consistently with his willingness to personalize his work; he is currently assembling an anthology of his strips.

GARY FIELDS

Gary Fields chronicles the adventures of everyone's favorite little mutant basher in "Enigma Funnies," featured in every issue of *Threat*, as well as contributing to *Cracked* magazine. Upcoming projects include "Superswine," which will appear in every issue of Vortex's *Kaptain Keen and Kompany*, starting in November.

MIKE KAZALEH

Like in the last issue, remember? From Detroit? Good amateur TV repairman? Good professional animator? Has the spirit of Chuck Jones in a bottle? You know, the *Captain Jack* guy.

GEORGE KOCHELL

George Kochell is an alternative and self-published cartoonist, who has been published in several independent publications—including Kitchen Sink's *Mod* comic—but mostly in his self-published mini-zines *Tense Toons*, *Lone Wolf Comics*. He is also, unknown heretofore, a colorist of rare talent.

GARY KWAPISZ

Longtime *Comics Journal* contributor and delineator of the Little Old Ladies of the "Funnybook Roulette" column, Gary Kwapisz currently displays his fine, atmospheric rendering in *Savage Sword of Conan*. All things considered, his name is not as hard to pronounce as Bill Sienkiewicz's.

TOM LUTH

Another returnee from last issue. Aside from continuing to color *Hawkmoon*, *Groo*, and *Miracle Squad*, he's writing and drawing a short piece for an upcoming issue of Stan Sakai's *Usagi Yojimbo* (all these *Groo* guys seem intent on proving they could put out a comic all by themselves if they wanted to). Since last we talked about him, he's also signed on to color Upshot Graphics' *Dinosaur Rex* mini-series.

MARTY LYLES

Marty Lyles is a mathematics teacher and professional song-writer, and currently resides in Birmingham, Alabama.

DAVE SIM

Dave Sim is the famed author, cartoonist, and Groucho Marx impressionist of *Cerebus the Aardvark*. Though he has relinquished the papacy (Cerebus, not Sim), Sim has promised that his adventures will continue until the heat death of the universe or whenever the last person forgets what it is he's parodying, whichever comes first. At 500 pages plus, Sim's recently-published Cerebus epic *High Society* rates as the Comics Volume Most Likely To Kill A Horse If Dropped From A Ten-Story Building. Thank God it's a soft-cover.

MARK WHEATLEY

Mark Wheatley may be best-known as the co-creator of *Mars*, the 12-issue series published by First Comics. He also drew and colored (with Marc Hempel) the four-issue *Blood of the Innocent* published by WaRP Graphics. He is currently involved in editing a new Dracula series for Apple Comics, and colors *The Doomsday Squad* and the four-part Dalgoda series, *Flesh & Bones*, both published by Fantagraphics Books. Future projects include another *Jonny Quest* issue for Comico, and a *Doctor Strange* story for Marvel.

MARV WOLFMAN

One of the certified Atlases of the industry (he carries large portions of companies on his back), Marv Wolfman has scripted such memorable titles as *Tomb of Dracula*, *Night Force*, and *Crisis on Infinite Earths*. He is currently writing *The Adventures of Superman* and the best-selling *New Teen Titans*, and his and George Perez's *History of the DC Universe* should be on the stands as you read this.

NEXT ISSUE!

DANIEL CLOWES and MORT TODD; GILBERT HERNANDEZ; DON LOMAX; WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS; GEORGE PEREZ; JIM ROHN; ARN SABA and TRINA ROBBINS; and TOM SUTTON!

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